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Miladi Morgan became our Lady of Mount Car-mel. She, moreover, had the honour of an interview with this admirable Crichton of the kitchen, and—" *quel bon heur* "—Miladi, after having oral experience of the genius of the Sieur Jean de Careme—who is lineally descended from that hero who received his "brevet of immortality," (not quite canonization) from Pope Leo X. for a *soup maigre*, was ever after called John de Careme, or Jack-of-the-Lent—with this descendant from a papal and royal line of cooks, had our Irish lady a *tête-à-tête*, greatly, we suspect, to the amusement of the cunning Israelite her entertainer—who perhaps was enjoying his own fun in his sleeve at this scene he had got up at the expense of the Moabitish woman; but no matter, Lady Morgan had, "under sentiments of triumphant emotion," a *tête-à-tête* with Jack-of-the-Lent—they complimented each other on their respective works—he bowed, and she curtsied—not altogether, it would appear, kissed—and so stepping into their respective carriages proceeded homewards.

We shall now conclude our review of Lady Morgan's France, which is light and pleasant reading enough, redolent with all the Lady's characteristic faults—who has woven a truly Hiberno-French fabric—French irreligion and Irish bad taste—bad feeling against England and mad feeling for France—false opinions concerning politics, and false estimates of individuals and of nations—this manufactured up in a lively, gay, agreeable manner, with a good deal of the phraseology of practised authorship, and considerable knowledge of *that* world in which she moves, altogether make a book which many will read, and many will say is pleasant; but with whose author none of our readers, we are assured, would desire to be identified either in religion or in politics. The publishers have affixed to this first edition of the work—which, though in two large volumes, octavo, if honestly printed, might be contained in one moderate duodecimo—a portrait of her Ladyship. We recollect her some thirty years ago, even before she drew her own sketch in the Wild Irish Girl, and we saw a *painting* of herself a few weeks since, going along under the arm of her worthy husband, Sir Charles. Neither the young Sidney was, nor the old Miladi is, in the least like, in our opinion, the very pretty embellishment affixed to the present publication.

THE FEMALE CONVICT'S EVENING SONG.

Now day is past, and night comes on;
 And sore it is to tell,
 Of peace destroy'd, and virtue gone,
 And hopes we dare not think upon
 Within our dreary cell:
 For when the evening's shadowy course
 Succeeds the close of day,
 Th' undying worm of dark remorse
 Comes out upon his prey.

When day returns, the song and jest
 In mirth fictitious move;
 But th' frantic laugh from each hollow breast,
 Which never more can harbour rest,
 Our aching hearts disprove:
 Yet though our hearts disclaim'd it all,
 Still welcome mirth and glee;
 Like the light'ning from yon gloomy cloud
 Is the mirth of our misery.

Oh, world ! thy hard decree oft seals
In hopelessness our fate ;
As memory o'er past errors steals,
Here many a contrite bosom feels
Its crime, alas ! too late :
For woman finds that sorrow vain
Which gives not back her name,
Since the tear that washes out the stain,
Will not remove the shame.

Yes, harsh is human laws' decree
In ev'ry age and clime ;
Still deaf to low contrition's plea—
The sorrow it disdains to see,
But seizes on the crime ;
And vain is that repentance, where
Our guilt is not forgiven,
For man will spurn the humble pray'r
Which still prevails with heaven.

How dark are judgments pass'd by men !
Who oft but see in part—
Chance wields the sword of justice when
Doubts veil th' imputed crime, for then
They cannot see the heart :
But, ah ! with trembling hand and slow,
That awful weapon should
Be drawn, lest its resistless blow
Should shed the guiltless blood.

What though, in general, guilt enslav'd
Our passions and our lives,
Ev'n *here*, amidst the lost, deprav'd,
Whom heart-rent parents would have sav'd,
True feeling oft survives :
The modest brow—the silent tear—
Youth's slowly-wasting prime—
Pronounce the fate that plac'd it here,
Misfortune more than crime.

For you—ye tender, young, and fair,
The hope of anxious friends,
When pleasure draws you to the snare,
O'er her deceitful scenes—beware
And think what gifts she sends :
The felon's crime, the harlot's art,
The prison-cell, and chain—
The sullied name, the broken heart,
And th' self-destroying brain.

Doom'd in these gloomy walls to lie
Is many a heart-loved child,
On whom a parent's melting eye,
With hopes elate, and prospects high,
And tender pride, has smiled ;
Where are the parents' prospects now ?
And where the parents, say ?
Perhaps our fall has laid them low
Before th' expected day.

Farewell to all—for here no gleam
Of hope can we partake ;
And from our short but guilty dream,
On passing death's oblivious stream,
Oh how shall we awake ?
But in that grave to which we're bound,
With sins and sorrows press'd,
Do not the wicked cease to wound ?
May not the weary rest ?

M. N.